I. *Part of a Letter from* Mr. Benjamin Bullivant, *at* Boſton, *in* New England; *to* Mr James Petiver, *Apothecary, and Fellow of the Royal Society, in* London. *Concerning ſome Natural Obſervations he had made in thoſe Parts.*

SIR,

THE laſt I addreſſed to you, was by our ingenious Friend Mr. *Trott*, who went hence in *October*; I have ſince received from you Mr. *Joſſelin*'s Book of *New England Rarities*, and obſerve him to be ſhort, but nervous. I cannot now make any deſcant on your Obſervations upon him, only this, that I made the ſame Remark you do, about the *Plague of the Back*, that it is greatly diſtant from an *Empyema*. I have taſted it more than once perſonally, it ſeems more of a *Collick*, yet is undoubtedly a *Nervous Dolour*. The Country People have learned of the *Indians* to ſteep *Caſtoreum* in *Rum*, and ſo cure it.

As to the *Fire-Flies*, I took ſeveral of them in *July* laſt, I take them to be a *Glow-Worm Volant*; the Luſtre is plac'd as in a *Glow-Worm*. Kill the Fly (as I have done) and you find the *Scintilla* a ſmall Jelly like Subſtance, the which ſeparated into Atoms, gives ſtill, in the Dark, a proportionable Luſtre, to the Magnitude of each Atom.

I ſaw *Butterflies Eggs* that were teſtaceous, and near as big as a *Wrens*, moſt glorioufly beſtudded with *Gold* and *Silver*; at *Road Iſland* the Mowers find them in the *Graſs*, and they hatch in the Windows, and are a Sport for Children.

Tortoiſes

Tortoiſes are *Amphibious*, I have found their Eggs by Ponds Sides, in great Quantities, they are without Shells, like thoſe in a Hens Belly; our Dames ſcruple not to uſe them as Hens Eggs in Puddings.

Graſhoppers, in dry Years, are a Plague to the Huſbandmen: That on ſome Iſlands they have put Multitudes of *Turkeys* to deſtroy them; they are prodigious in Quantity, of a Grey Colour, and about Three Inches long; in *July* become Volant, and have a kind of Regimental Diſcipline, and as it were, ſome Commanders, which ſhew greater and more ſplendid Wings than the Commoners, and riſe firſt when they are purſued by the *Fowls*, or by the Foot of the Traveller, which I have often ſeriouſly remarked.

The *Hum-bird* I have ſhot with Sand, and had one ſome Weeks in my keeping. I put a Straw for a Perch into a *Venice Glaſs Tumbler*, ty'd over the Mouth with a Paper, in which I cut Holes for the Bird's Bill (about as long and as ſmall as a Taylor's Needle) and laying the Glaſs on one Side, ſet a Drachm of Honey by it, which it ſoon ſcented, and with its long Tongue put forth beyond its Bill, fed daily; it muted the Honey pure, and was a Proſpect to many Comers; it flew away at laſt.

We have a *Frog* as big as a *Penny Loaf*, its Cry's exactly like a *Bull*.

I have examined the *Clam*, he hath a *Plain Pipe* or *Proboſcis*, from whence he ejects Water, if compreſſed.

Boſton in *New England*,
Jan. 15. 169$\frac{7}{8}$.